

Hand-in-Hand Combat

by I Can Craft-It

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Summary: Tamora decides it's time to take her and Felix's relationship up a notch, but there's a few things the little handyman needs to learn before becoming an honorary member of the 'Hero's Duty' family.

1. Chapter 1

((I like to try come up with the cheesiest titles for my fics ;)
Tamora decides it's time to take her and Felix's relationship up a notch, but there's a few things the little handyman needs to learn before becoming an honorary member of the 'Hero's Duty' family))

****Part 1****

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><p>The crowd roared as the 'Sugar Rush' racers crossed the finish line, Vanellope having come in 1st place just by fraction of an inch. Her closest friends, Ralph, Felix and Sergeant Calhoun all applauded her victory from the premium seats.<p>

"Yeah! Way to go kid!" Ralph clapped enthusiastically before turning to go meet Vanellope on the track for a congratulatory fist bump. The couple, however, stayed behind.

"Wow! She is quite a talent!" Felix beamed, leaning against the front railing of their section.

"Yup," Calhoun agreed, placing her hands atop the railing beside the little handyman. "That kid really kills it out there."

The two of them stood next to each other in a comfortable silence, watching the celebrations below.

"Fix-It, I've been doing some thinking," Tamora broke the silence, shifting nervously as she felt Felix's eyes focus on her.

"About what, Tammy?" he inquired.

"About us. Our relationship. How it's been going," the sergeant said as nonchalantly as she could.

"O-oh?" the handyman squeaked, fearing the worst.

A sly smile alighted the woman's features as she looked down to him. "Things have been going pretty damn well."

Felix let out a sigh of relief, placing his hand over his heart. "Oh Tammy Jean, why do you delight in teasing me like that?"

"You make it too easy, Short-stack," she knelt down beside him. "But there is something I need to talk to you about."

"Sure, Darlin.' Anything," Felix took her hands in his.

"As I've already said, things have been pretty good, and I think it's about time I let you visit me in my game. But there's some requirements that need to be met."

"Like what?"

"You'll need to learn self defense and how to handle a gun," Tamora pressed her lips together; hoping Felix would take the stipulations well.

"Oh! Well sure!" the handyman said as cheerfully as ever.

"You're you'd be willing to do that?" Tamora said incredulously.

"Of course! We've been together for a couple months now and this is a big step! If doing those things will help ease your mind when I'm with you in 'Hero's Duty,' then I'll do it."

"You're too good, Fix-It," Tamora wrapped the 8-bit in a tender embrace.

"Just doing what I can, ma'am," Felix tipped his hat with grin. Leaning forward, he pressed his lips to hers

"Ack! Come on, guys!"

The couple broke their connection with a start.

"The presidential seats are no place for you to do your mushy, _lovey-dovey_ stuff!" Vanellope chided. "Besides, we all have a date at Tappers! Root beer floats are on Ralph!"

"I didn't agree to that!" the larger man retorted, causing his colleague to chuckle.

"Don't worry Ralph, they're on me today," Felix said, taking his lady by the hand. "There's a lot of cause for celebration!"

2. Chapter 2

Part 2

"And thisâ€" Tamora began as she typed a sequence of numbers on a panel beside a large, metal door. "â€"is the shooting range."

The door slid open, revealing a sizable room with a single range and eight firing lanes. This was the last stop on a tour of the grand ship the Space Marines called home.

Felix had only seen a small portion of 'Hero's Duty' when he had first come in looking for Ralph, and the only other time he had visited was after the unfortunate events that unfolded in Dance Dance Revolution at the start of their relationship. The little 8-bit was glad that this time, he was here under better circumstances. Stepping into the room, he looked around, his right hand impulsively laying itself over the head of his golden hammer, thumb rubbing against the bell.

"Nervous, Short-stack?" Tamora walked up beside him.

"Oh, maybe a little," Felix answered truthfully. "But a small case of the jitters isn't going to deter me."

The sergeant smiled and affectionately slapped the bill of his cap over his face. The handyman emitted a soft chuckle and pulled his cap back up, meeting Tamora's gaze as she knelt down in front of him.

"Good man," she said. "But don't worry too much, Fix-It. You most likely won't shoot today." Tamora stood up and gestured for him to follow. They both approached a table off to the side.

"Decided to start off with something a little more your speed. Have a seat," the sergeant patted the back of one of the chairs and Felix hopped into it.

He watched curiously as Tamora pulled out a small pistol and began to take it apart, laying the carefully disassembled pieces out in front in from of him in the order they were removed.

"Alright short stuff," Tamora said as she placed the final part on the table. "Put it back together."

The 8-bit handyman shifted his gaze from the parts laid before him and up to his lady. Giving her a playful smile, he took the golden hammer from his belt and twirled it in his hand.

"Smart Aleck," Tamora sighed and swiped the hammer from his hand with a small smile of her own. "_Without_ this."

She had never handled the magical tool before and was surprised, and a bit impressed by the weight of it. Confident, she flicked her wrist and flipped the hammer in the air, catching it again by the handle before placing it in a holster on her hip.

"Just like a Fix-It," Felix praised her.

A soft blush crept onto the sergeant's features at the implications of his words. Pure _flattery_â€”she convinced herself. That's all it was.

"Time's a wasting," Tamora insisted, her index finger tapping the tabletop.

She watched Felix as he inspected all the parts then began to put them all back in their proper place. All he had to do was watch her take it apart once, and in a matter of a couple minutes; Felix had successfully pieced the pistol back together.

The handyman took a moment too look at his handiwork, holding the gun timidly in his grasp before gingerly placing the gun back on the table's surface.

"Pretty good, soldier," Calhoun picked up and inspected the gun before dismantling it a second time. "Again."

She had him put the gun back together many more times, and each time when he was done, he visibly became less and less daunted about the fact that he was working with a gun. He began to know it inside and out.

If Felix was being honest, he was starting to find the exercise relaxing. Fixing things with his hammer was well and good, but there was something about piecing something together with his own two hands he found refreshing. Like working on a puzzle.

Finishing for the sixth time, Felix immediately placed the gun on the table and looked up to Calhoun expectantly. She let out a soft chuckle as she took the pistol again, trading it in for the golden hammer in her holster.

"Just like a Fix-It," she said.

End
file.